1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

121 [114] throughout Northern Greece in 1955 and a briefer visit to Attica in 1959 gave me a chance to note the rapid social changes occurring in the places I had come to know well in 1952–53.

The social scientist, if he is to understand the behavior which he studies, not only must observe what is done but also must try to probe the meanings attached by the actors to what they do. Throughout this work, therefore, I have tried to show how the world looks to the Greek villager. I do not necessarily agree with all of his views, but I think that he has the right to be heard. Wherever possible, I have let him speak for himself.

● 123 Aside from my research activities of the usual type, I also had approaches to the Greeks through the eyes of my wife Margaret who shopped in the Greek market with her Greek neighbors. Through my twelve-year-old daughter Gerda and my ten-year-old son Robert I shared in the wonders of their daily adventures with Greek friends and playmates. I profited by learning about the vicissitudes and the fortitude of our Greek upper-middle-class landlady, who shared her villa with us. The crises attending the succession of maids and laundresses and their husbands opened up avenues for further exploration.

124 [122] Too much credit cannot be given to Bessie Adossides, my interpreter, who knew the Greek countryside as though it were her own garden and who could translate into idiomatic English the most important nuances of the spoken language. My reading knowledge of modern Greek improved considerably during the year, but time was too brief for me to learn the spoken Greek sufficiently for conducting interviews on my own.

104 In transliterating Greek terms into Latin letters I have approximated the spelling and have not attempted to follow the pronunciation. Those who speak modern Greek will therefore find the transliteration awkward, but those who have studied ancient Greek will find that many words are familiar.

436 [652] Prior to May 1953 the value of the dollar was 15,000 drachmas; after that date the dollar was worth 30,000 drachmas. On May 1, 1954, the drachma was revalued at 1 to 1,000, so that 30 drachmas were equivalent to a dollar. For that reason, in using all figures prior to 1954 I have given the 1954 value, moving the decimal point to the left three places.

122 Thanks should be given to the Social Science Research Council for a grant to help me with my Balkan studies; to the Associates for International Research, Inc., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for extended research and secretarial assistance; to the University of Kentucky and Harvard University for many courtesies shown; and to the American School for Classical Studies in Athens for giving office space to a nonarchaeologist in their richly endowed Gennadion Library.

000 Many individuals have helped me in countless ways. I can only name some of them here to acknowledge my great indebtedness to all. Those listed, of

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

[The Island and Seafaring Greeks]

184 members of their families, who also have a sense of being a part of the [186] wide world.

[463] The true fisherman or merchant seaman looks down upon agricultural pursuits, although many of his fellow islanders living a few miles inland are farmers like their compatriots on the mainland. But even the sons of these [702] island farmers are directed into the navy by law, with the result that the navy fills its requirements from the best of them and leaves the unused balance for the army or air force.

184 An island, by its very nature, is for its inhabitants a comprehensible uni-
829 verse. Its people supposedly become much alike, giving rise to the belief of
186 Athenians that the people from a certain island make loyal and dependable servants, that the people from another island are petty thieves and deceitful, and those from another island are hard workers. One island, according to Athenians, seemed to be inhabited entirely by delightful "screwballs," because dozens of jokes were supposed to have originated there. The impression of the alikeness of all people on an island is fostered by the fact that islanders away from home tend to stand together with their fellow islanders against all comers.[12] For instance, one of our Greek neighbors, obliged to tell the drunken husband of her maid never to come in her yard again, felt it necessary also to discharge the laundress, "because she comes from the same island as that terrible man and would take his side even though she knew he was in the wrong." The Greek housewife also explained that people from that island were reputed to be "violent and wild" and she was taking no chances, even though the laundress hardly knew the offending man. No Greek servant or neighbor questioned this action as anything but logical and necessary.

184 Island villages, as later discussion will show, differ architecturally from
511 and are in general much cleaner than the other villages of Greece. While this cleanliness gives the impression of a higher level of living, actually on many of the islands people are close to the poverty line much of the time because of inadequate local resources and the need to buy elsewhere, with what little money they have, those products not available at home. A shipwreck can bring the death of the family head or, if not such tragedy, at least economic ruin.

184 Despite the fact that each island has its own unique flavor and stands out
[829] in popular opinion as a well-defined little social world, there is a way of life common to all of the islands. The beliefs about the sea, the diet, the way ships' crews are formed, the responsibility which the ship captain's wife feels for the families of the crew while the men are at sea, and the varying political alignments would, along with other lesser features, set off the seafarer from his fellow countrymen in degree if not as a distinct type.

●123 To talk at dusk with the fishing-boat crews as they get ready for their
184 long night's work or as they untangle and dry their nets along the beach in

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

[The Island and Seafaring Greeks]

the warm morning sunshine, to watch the sailors of the numerous passenger and cargo ships work aboard ship and then relax in the tiny sea-front cafés, and to talk with the families of those whose most energetic sons are away at sea, is an introduction to a world incomprehensible to many peasants in Central and Northern Greece and strange to the inland American. For me, the best hours of all were those spent along the quay of a busy port with a retired sea captain, telling the tales of his misadventures — a 1950 version of the trials of Odysseus. All of these seafarers, fishermen, and merchant seamen, crews and captains and their island-anchored families, are a part of the rainbow in the rock. Yet they, along with the city Greeks, so similar in vitality but different in their life, make up only half of the people of Greece. The other half are rural. It is with this largest single group that we shall concern ourselves.

The Greek Villager

Being rural in Greece means living in a village, which is usually a picturesque collection of houses, lanes, gardens, orchards, vineyards, and fields. It also means that one is a peasant, since the Greek terms *choriates, chorikos,* derived from the word *choria* (village), are the closest approximations of *peasant* in the Greek language. But any Westerner, in seeking to understand the rural Greek, needs to divest himself of many false notions about the nature of a peasantry, be these on the romantic side of overidealization or on the derogatory plane of considering them mere bearers of burdens and dull plodders through life.[18]

In not all countries do peasants always live in villages, but they do in Greece. Therefore, in examining social life throughout the Greek mainland, away from the cities, we can use *villager, peasant,* and *rural population* interchangeably, feeling that if we understand Greek village life, we also shall have gained a point of comparison for the study of peasantries in other countries.

The importance of the small village in Greek life can best be shown by a few figures taken from the 1951 census. For instance, 44.6 percent — or almost half of the Greek people — lived in 5,473 communes, or local political units, of less than 2,000 inhabitants. At the other extreme was Athens, whose population included 18 percent of the nation's total; by 1961 it had reached 22 percent. Since 1940 there has been a definite drift toward Athens and the twenty other towns which in 1940 had a population of over 20,000. Despite this urban trend, one must still recognize that the small village is an imposing aspect of Greek life which deserves far more attention than it has received in the past.

Although rural people today are increasingly drawn to the city, the peasant in years past has been a man of the land, usually suspicious of city ways. And herein lies a question: are these millions of peasants, following a daily

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

take anything else with him, he took off his cloak and filled it with straw. As he hurried away in his rush and fright the straw bit by bit fell on the road and became stars. When he got to his house his robe was empty and behind him followed the monks. Since then we call these stars the priest's straw.

Rain. When summer has come to an end and fall is there we pick our grapes and harvest our maize and are waiting for God to send rain so that we can sow our wheat. The first rains start in mid-October. . . . They start either with a slow modest rain or sometimes with a strong one. The strong rain starts abruptly and all hell lets loose. The sky meets with the earth. Lightning, thunder, wind, hell. We all run with our hoes to hold the water back from entering our homes; others run to pull their animals out of ravines so that the water does not carry them away. Others gather the things that have remained outside, and others shelter themselves in their homes and gaze at the storm from their windows. When the weather turns good again it is the joy of God. Then we get ready our agricultural equipment for the field; it is time to sow. Rain is our life. Without it nothing grows; we are lost. But the rain can also do harm. When it rains suddenly the rivers come down with a rush carrying things and destroying our fields. It carries many rocks and stones onto the plain; when it rains and blows, it's hell. It throws down the wheat and it does a lot of damage. A good rain is a slow one. . . .

But nature is more than a collection of stars or plants or animals. It represents the forces against which man must contend as he seeks to wrest his living from the soil; nature brings disasters to which man must adjust even though he does not completely reconcile himself to his misfortune.

One type of catastrophe that visits Greece at frequent intervals is the earthquake, which comes usually in the late spring and summer. Wherever a person travels in Central Greece, Thessaly, or the Peloponnesos, he hears of the damage done by tremors. There is today an Old Corinth and a New Corinth, the latter being built after the old city was destroyed in 1858. New Corinth was once more destroyed in 1928 and rebuilt. In one village people still talk with sadness of a quake which occurred in 1875, killing forty-seven women and children inside the church. One of the most damaging earthquakes of recent memory was the August 1953 series of tremors in the Ionian Islands which destroyed so much of Cephalonia, Zante, and Ithaca. In April and May of 1954, more than thirty persons were killed in the quakes of Thessaly, three hundred injured, and thirty-two thousand made homeless.

Nature shows its unkindness in other ways. Sudden hailstorms, drought, and insect pests take their annual toll in many parts of Greece. While on a trip with the inspector of agriculture from Larissa, Thessaly, through some fields recently damaged by a storm, I asked him what the peasants thought of such a devastating rain. He said that they did not feel any enmity against the elements but do say in all seriousness to them "na se pare ho diavolos!" (may the devil take you!)

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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Kokinya is a village of about one hundred houses not far from Kozane in Western Macedonia. The prefect of Kozane heard that a serious storm had hit the village and went out with his agriculturist to see what damage had been done, taking me along. As the agriculturist got estimates of crop destruction (50 percent of the wheat, 80 percent of the corn), we began to find out the peasants' explanations for this storm. One old man put it simply when he said, "it was God's will." [9] Even though the storm had occurred two days before, the people were still dazed at the thought of so much labor going to waste, to say nothing of the loss of the expected income from the crops. They did not seem bitter, nor altogether resigned. The visit of the nomarch (prefect) and his hour's discussion with the men brought a ray of hope. After many matters had been looked into, the nomarch asked just before he left: "I'm going to write up this report and make request for aid from the proper ministry. What are you people of Kokinya going to do?" They answered: "We are going to go to our fields, work with our vineyards. The rain has made new ravines. We must carry soil and fill in. Now we will have to work harder."

This statement reminded me of a conversation one evening on an apartment terrace halfway up Lykabettos Hill, a hill standing all by itself in the center of Athens. The Acropolis was clearly outlined in the moonlight, and the lights on the sea far in the distance told of the movement of boats in and out of the harbor. There we discussed the Greek peasant's idea of fate with a group of educated Greek friends — one of them the novelist Elias Venezis. As the backdrop for the present point of view we went back to the ancient idea of the three Fates and the classic themes of Greek tragedy.[10]

The Greeks with whom we were talking were careful to distinguish between the passive fatalism of the lands farther to the east and the active fatalism of the Greeks, pointing out that the Greek peasant made no abject surrender to nature or other forces about him. Even though the individual knows the odds are against him, he must stand up and face his destiny with dignity and correctness, whether the forces which would crush him show any mercy or not. We were reminded of the common saying, "syn Athena kai cheira kinei," which means, "with Athena move your own hand too." Thus it was neither incongruous nor contradictory to hear one Kokinya peasant say, "it is God's will," and to hear his neighbor say "now we will have to work harder."

On such a mental adjustment to the mountains, plains, and the sea, which we shall take up in order, is the survival of the Greek people largely based.

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

is going on in the world." "A few of us get small cooking stoves and others electric irons." Some also add, with a twinkle in their eyes, that since they can see after dark they do not have to go to bed so early and that the birth rate will probably drop.

Where there is no electricity there may be radio sets run by batteries. In one mountain village we found that five of the eight coffeehouses had battery receiving sets which they always turned on to the newscasts. "Why," we wanted to know, "are you villagers so interested in newscasts?" "Oh, we like to hear farm prices over the radio, but most of all we like news about what is going on in foreign countries because that is what enlightens us." In some of the most out-of-the-way villages we found receiving sets run by gas motors supplied by the United States Mission. Thus the air waves are reaching the village plateia and the villagers' sense of isolation gives way to a growing demand for more of the benefits enjoyed outside the village.

The water supply in the village is quickly identified by the procession of people to and from the springs, artesian well, or street faucets. A local gendarme in his trim gray uniform, who joins our group, and a field guard on his way to leave the rifle slung over his shoulder at the community-council office are expressions of services from the national or local government, as is the mailman who comes from the next largest center once a day, or perhaps three times a week.

Our observations of the people, public buildings, and available utilities are constantly interrupted by the liveliness of the eager conversation around the café table. Although the American visitor is not directly engaged, the topics sound so interesting and so close to the facts he is trying to collect that he cannot remain entirely aloof. For instance, the young officer in charge of some people recently resettled in the Greek-Albanian border area under his control says that the peasants are complaining because their land allotment is too small and the soil too sandy, so they go into the forbidden no-man's-land to cultivate even if they do place their lives in jeopardy; a man who prides himself on knowing local history affects a learned air when he tells the history of the local church, built on the site of an ancient pagan shrine; a child, bolder than the rest, comes up to ask the woman interpreter, who is wearing slacks, whether she is a man or a woman.

Again, in a low voice, a local official inquires politely: "Who is this American professor? What is he doing in our village?" When he is told that the professor is interested in understanding the Greek people, and in telling Americans about them, he finds it hard to believe. "You mean," someone asks, "that he has come all the way from America to visit our village? Please tell the professor that we are greatly honored." One man adds, "I've lived here sixty-seven years and during none of that time has a Greek professor ever come to visit us." A woman related to the coffee-

1:Sanders Z-54 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

house proprietor has edged her way into the group and asks, "But isn't he young to be a professor?" It is at this point that one pulls out the impressive credentials, beribboned and sealed, from the university authorities back in America. Though it is written in English, no one questions the authenticity of such an imposing document. Everyone is then delighted to supply any information at his command, even going so far as to ask: "What would the professor like to know about our village?" "Let's begin at the beginning. How did your village get started?"

Location

Almost every village has some tradition about its origin; it may be legendary or historical. The following account by a native of a Peloponnesian village illustrates the legendary:

> In the old days my village was built more to the west in a place now called Palaiochori [Old Village]. My forefathers left Palaiochori and built the village where it is nowadays because a great epidemic had caused the death of many people. It is said that all of those who had danced at a wedding on a particular day died, for the evil was caused by a spook in the form of a dog which jumped from one shoulder to another. Wherever it stopped, that guest became sick and died. Those who survived the evil came and built the village of today. In the beginning they put up huts and later on houses. The country was wild and full of trees. In order to choose a good spot they took three pieces of meat and put them in three possible sites. They then noticed which piece of meat spoiled last and chose that site; they were glad that the North Wind blew upon the spot selected.[4]

Many Greek villages are of relatively recent origin and do not need to rely upon legend for an explanation of their location. Particularly in Macedonia and Thrace, scores of new villages were built to accommodate the approximately 150,000 rural refugee families coming from Asia Minor in the 1920s, although as many as two thirds of the rest of these new arrivals were installed in old villages in temporary huts or in houses vacated by the Bulgarians and Turks exchanged for the Greeks. As a rule, these villages were located near a road and on cultivable land, so that they were much more accessible than the older mountain villages.

There was some discussion at the time of resettlement about the advisability of establishing the farmers on independent farmsteads rather than in villages. Some serious disadvantages to the village system from the standpoint of efficient use of time have been set forth in various reports. Frequently not less than two or more hours each day is spent by several members of the family in traveling between their home and their fields. It is also necessary to transport all food supplies, the grain, grapes, beans, hay, and other crops, as well as all fuel, by donkey or mule over long distances, an expenditure of labor which would be unnecessary if the people lived on the land they farmed.[5]

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Thessaly

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At first I had to hire a driver for the tractor but my boy rode around with him, asked a few questions, and learned how to drive. So the second season I turned the tractor over to my son. Unfortunately, some people start driving before they know how and that is why an inexperienced person killed two men the other day not far from here.

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Alekos estimated that only 30 percent of the tractor owners hired drivers and that the rest of the owners drove themselves or had members of their family who could drive. He thought that this shift away from hiring drivers would mean a trend from the bigger tractors to smaller tractors for, as he put it, "If you are going to pay for a driver you might as well get a larger tractor and get your money's worth out of the driver. If you are going to do the work yourself, a small tractor is sufficient." Not many of them who now drove, he thought, were very skillful at repairs; they were dependent on the tractor shops in town or upon the traveling automobile-borne shops which came out to the village when necessary.

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In the midst of our conversation on tractors, Alekos interrupted to say, much to the amusement of the three other men who had gathered around the stone wall where we sat, that he had at first been suspicious of us: "Some of us thought you were either tax collectors or officials from the Agricultural Bank. We were ready to run away until we heard somebody cry out, 'Americans!' "

That reminded one of the bystanders of a good story he had heard from an acquaintance in the Peloponnesos who lived near Messenia. It seems that while a funeral procession was under way there, those participating saw a car with a policeman and other officials thought to be tax collectors. In perfect unison the pallbearers rested the coffin in the middle of the road and disappeared as though into thin air, leaving the officials confronting the lonely coffin.

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After a laugh all around the circle, we steered Alekos back onto the subject of his tractor in order to find out why he had bought a Lantz tractor instead of an American tractor. He thought the latter much more complicated. Diesel tractors, both German and American-made, are preferred to the gas-driven type.

"Has the tractor made much difference in your life?"

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Alekos furrowed his brows and thought a moment. "Yes, it has made me work much harder to pay off the debt I owe because of the tractor." He agreed that the machine had probably not lightened his wife's work very much, but a shrug of the shoulders seemed to imply, "why should it?"

178

Throughout the plains area of Greece I met many men like Alekos who, in one financial plunge, had leaped from the peasant farming of their fathers into the machine farming of the Western world.[4] Unlike Alekos, some of them seemed to think that the work of the women as well as that of the men had been considerably lightened. One man from Schematari,

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Tobacco Growing in Thrace

249 276 656 During an interview with some peasants in the office of the commune secretary of Toxotae in Thrace during May 1955, I was surprised to see some of the men pull out pink cigarette paper in which they expertly rolled cigarettes for a leisurely smoke.

"But why the pink paper?" I wanted to know.

"We are tobacco producers," they answered with an air of distinct pride. "We can keep some of the crop for our own use, but must use pink paper to distinguish our cigarettes from those that are bought."

"Yes," a gendarme added. "Any time I see a person smoking a pink cigarette I can go up to ask for a certificate showing that he is a tobacco grower and thus entitled to 'roll his own'!"

249 [123] [312] This conversation, which lasted for more than four hours, gave me an even better understanding of tobacco farming than I had gained on previous trips, as did frequent visits in the fields with the peasants who were transferring the plants from the seedbeds to the carefully prepared land or hauling barrels of water in their oxcart from a spring or well to the place where the planting was going on. What was most helpful of all, however, was the intimate story of one tobacco village, as described in the Near East Foundation study mentioned earlier. It gave me a deeper realization of the problems that the people there continue to face.[7]

621 162 [167] Dafnon, a village of 1145 people in 1952, is northwest of the city of Xanthe. This community, like so many in Northern Greece, was settled by Greek refugees from Asia Minor and the Pontus following the departure of 127 Turkish families in 1924. By 1935, 294 families had moved in, attracted as they were by the rich vegetation, the good climate of this semi-mountainous area, and the possibility of raising a high-priced product such as tobacco. When the first official land redistribution was carried out in 1935, and a second in 1938, it became apparent that the allotments were too small for the support of a family, and so people began to leave. Today there are 255 families.

621 36 [727] [526] [373] The village, covering slightly over 70 acres, sprawls over a hill. Two former Turkish mosques have been converted into Greek Orthodox churches; six grocery shops have total assets of less than $1700; three of the six coffeehouses attract the young men because each has a gramophone and a battery radio; the village school, destroyed along with many of the houses during the guerrilla war in 1948, was rebuilt in 1950. Outside the village is an athletic field on which 30 young men, members of the sports club, practice faithfully in an effort to uphold their reputation as the best football (soccer) team in the area. In the evening, the streets are dark, for Dafnon has no electricity and its people must rely upon kerosene lamps.

621 463 423 Of the 255 families previously mentioned, 220 own land; 32 own no

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Transhumance in the Peloponnesos

We were on our way to Tripolis, the chief interior city of the Peloponnesos. Earlier we had crossed the Corinth Canal, had stopped for gas at Corinth, and gone on to Argos, perhaps the most ancient city of Greece. Oranges were ripe on the trees in the square around the cathedral, where buses pulled up to let their through passengers have a bite to eat. Turkeys and chickens tied by the leg to the top of the bus gobbled and squawked intermittently, but long ago had ceased to struggle for freedom. Leaving Argos, we had begun the long winding climb that eventually brought us to a mountain-top view of the blue Gulf of Argos and of the small port city of Nauplion across the way beneath a fortress-topped summit. As always in Greece, the shifting light gave a magic cast to the hills whose eroded sides revealed a rainbow of color, to the brown cultivated fields below, and to the brilliant iridescent water. Such landscapes, ethereal in quality, are the paths into another world, where the legendary universe of Homer seems to have flowed into the pastoral existence of Greek shepherd families today. Suddenly, that life teemed about us.

The sheep were rounding the same curve as we were, but in the opposite direction — hundreds of them pushing and shoving and terrified at the sight of a noisy, shiny automobile. We quickly pulled to the side and parked. The shepherds whistled and called, brandishing their long crooks until they finally got the huge flock of sheep and goats past us. Having encountered and met this emergency, the shepherds were ready for a cigarette and a short chat. They were from the village of Valtetsi, a few miles beyond Tripolis, up in the mountains, and were headed with their flocks and families for Kranidi, approximately twenty-five miles below Nauplion. We learned that they were following the practice geographers call *transhumance*,[5] or the moving of the herds, as the seasons change, from a summer to a winter pasture, particularly from mountain to lowland grazing. These were not nomads in an endless round of movement on schedule from one good grassland to another. These people from Valtetsi had left their village of solid stone houses, where they spend approximately half of the year, for a definite location along a coastal plain where they were to spend the other half of the year.[6]

The shepherds to whom we talked represented five families traveling together. Each family had from one hundred to one hundred fifty sheep, its major source of sustenance and income; women and children accompanied the men and animals as a whole family. The trip from Valtetsi to Kranidi took eight days of slow travel. On this trek and at its lowland site each family managed its own affairs, with the father in charge.[7] There was no cooperative arrangement of a chief shepherd which I was to find later on in a journey to Northern Greece — simply a movement of parents and

1:Sanders Z-5μ (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos
[Shepherds]

children, pots and pans, donkeys, and a few articles of clothing left them after destruction of their village by the Communist guerrillas several years earlier.

A later April day found us again in Tripolis. On the road we had once more been encountering flocks from Valtetsi, but this time they were headed up toward home. Fortunately, Stephanos Agriopoulos, our favorite waiter in the Reed Restaurant, had relatives in Valtetsi and was eager to take us there. We left the main highway at the new tuberculosis hospital, turning toward the mountains on our right. The road was barely passable, evidently the mere widening of a sheep track winding in and out but always up, along the edges of dry, bone dry, ravines. Now and then one of us had to get out to shove a rock from the road. En route Stephanos told us much about the people and the hard economic struggle they were facing. The road became less rocky as we neared the village. There were small fields, brilliant green, with trees along the edges. The trees stood tall around the school and church, the center of the village, where their spring freshness and sturdiness cast a sort of tender protection over the ruined stone houses that were Valtetsi. It was only after we let the people unburden themselves of their more immediate troubles, such as rebuilding their houses, that we could turn to a description of their customary semiannual migration with their flocks.

Valtetsi, with its one hundred eighty families, had not suffered under the German occupation as had so many other Greek villages. Completely off any reasonable facsimile of a road, it was not visited by the invaders; but for this very reason it was frequented by the Communist guerrillas in the 1940s as they struggled for control of Greece. The Communist leaders repeatedly tried to persuade the people to join their side, but the Valtetsi residents refused. In anger at this refusal and with the words, "if you are not for us, you are against us," the Communists descended upon the village one day and killed about one hundred people, mostly men. They burned most of the houses and took the women and children off with them. Each man to whom we talked had some personal tragedy to relate and could show us the name of some close relative or friend on the marble monument by the church erected in honor of these victims of the Communist guerrillas. As a constant reminder of that terrible day, the houses still stood in ruins — six years later. We went from house to house and found that through lack of lumber the second stories had not been built back, nor had there been tile available for the roofs. Many of the families were holed in, as it were, on the first floor, pretty much exposed to the elements during the six months of their sojourn "at home." Yet the people were friendly, glad to see us. Their mobile faces were alive. They smiled easily, were full of curiosity, and bubbled with wit. The state of dilapidation was even more noticeable when the village secretary and president, in order to give us a drink of ouzo "for the road," had to ferret out a bottle and a few

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Peloponnesos

chipped glasses from the dark basement of a roofless building which was serving as the office of the village council.

Around the Valtetsi school that morning were children curious about the strange adults, the car, and the ten-year-old American boy and the twelve-year-old English-speaking Greek boy in our party, who quickly established contact and were soon surrounded. Questions and answers about the children came naturally. When we talked to the two teachers, we began to see what migration meant to these shepherd children. The school year starts in September with everyone enrolled, but by December 1 the youngsters have all set off with their families on the seven- to ten-day tramp below. St. Demetrios' Day (October 28) is the traditional date for departure, and St. George's Day (April 23) is the date for the return. Nevertheless, school opens again on March 1. This year (1953) four pupils had been present then; a week later ten showed up; at the time of our visit business was picking up even more and before long would reach the expected 104 enrollment. Classes would continue to August 15, with only a small break before the September registration occurred.

During the winter pasturing, the children attend no school but help with the flocks as much as they can. We had often during the winter months seen these solitary shepherd children as we drove along a lowland road. As they stood motionless when our car approached, with the sheep and the goats climbing around them, their faded shapeless clothing melting into the barren hillside, they looked neither frightened nor submissive and were quick to respond to a wave or a greeting. Later on, I asked the men with whom I was talking where most of the children were born, in Valtetsi or down below. One of them replied, much to the merriment of his fellows, "They are usually born here, for it's here that the heat wave starts." One man, the proud father of nine, said that all of his had been born in Valtetsi, although each knew of occasions when a child had arrived on the roadside without the ministrations of even a midwife. We asked young and old alike in Valtetsi and elsewhere what the children thought of this semi-annual change. All agreed that such a life was hard on children and that many of them dreaded the long march, but that there was no other livelihood open to their parents.

Since Valtetsi is at an altitude of 3360 feet, its hillsides are too exposed to make the pasturing of many sheep possible; in the winter months, removal to the plains below is therefore the only course of action open to the livestock owner. The families owning goats leave first, since the goats cannot stand the cold and they bear young earlier than do the sheep. Here in Valtetsi, the men pointed out, most of the pastures were communally owned and cost the people nothing; but down below each family had to contract with some peasant proprietor or commune for sufficient pasture for his flock, which now averages about 100 sheep in contrast to the 400

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Vlachs EH15

these views during the last century and the early part of this century, when the struggle for independence was reverberating through Epirus, Macedonia, and other areas frequented by these nomads.

A detached assessment of the situation, and yet one without much tangible evidence to support it, would place these Wallachians as descended from Balkanites of Roman times, who were Latinized by colonists, army garrisons, or some other continued type of association. When the Slavs came pushing into the Balkans during the sixth century, the Wallachians retreated to the mountain areas and continued (or took up) sheep raising and remained relatively unmolested. Since they could not wrest an adequate living from their barren surroundings, many of the men found it necessary to migrate elsewhere for work. Some were gone many years, and some would go away for only part of the year, but almost all of them learned some trade, becoming important as builders and artisans all over the Balkans. Of even greater importance was their role as caravan owners and drivers. They raised not only sheep but many horses which they concentrated at certain points such as Thessalonike, loaded them with merchandise, and conveyed the goods through well-defined routes to Vienna or down to the Adriatic. Considerable wealth was amassed in this way. Some of their settlements two hundred years ago — for example, Moschopolis in present-day Albania — were centers of culture and wealth. With the coming of railroads, their caravans were no longer so necessary; and with the growing unrest in the Balkans during the past hundred years, free passage from one country to another was increasingly difficult. Although the various treaties following the Balkan wars and World War I provided for the free movement of these nomads from one country to another, particularly with their flocks, the borders had in effect been closed to them even before the start of World War II.

This, in a brief and general way, is the background of these Vlach nomads. In the days under the Turks, early in the century, when Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece were claiming large chunks of Macedonia, each tried to make a case for large groupings of its own people. The Vlachs, chiefly Greek Orthodox in religion and with a knowledge of Greek as well as their own Romance language, were claimed by the Greeks as their own. Many Vlachs agreed with this, despite the appeals made by Rumanians to the contrary.

My chief contacts with the Koutso-Vlachs during 1953 were in Metsovo, one of their most celebrated villages, and along the roads of Greece. On the road between Arta and Ioannina, for example, one bold young shepherd girl named Maria, seeing women (my wife and the interpreter) in the car with me, asked for a ride. She was Koutso-Vlach and was on a nine-day trip back to the summer village in the mountains which she considered her permanent home. We passed some of her companions leading

1:Sanders Z-5H (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Vlachs EH15

horses on which very small children were perched somewhat precariously on wooly blanket-rugs stacked up on the saddles. On one horse we saw several hens tied to a saddle and I wondered what the horse thought of being turned into a mobile poultry yard; cows, heifers, and goats were also a part of the procession under the care of the women. The women were carrying their share of the load, some with babies, others with water kegs strapped to their backs. The lowly donkeys were carrying the tent poles. As we passed the long straggling march of people and animals, we blew our horn and enjoyed the open-mouthed astonishment of the other Vlachs as they saw one of their number riding in such state.

She explained to us how they stopped before midday and rested, and then after milking the sheep traveled during the night. When we wondered whether or not the children enjoyed the six-month shift, she said, "They learn to make the move for it is a necessity." "How many times have you moved like this?" we asked. "As many times as I have years — twenty-three." She was amused at our ignorance. Her family also was having trouble over the rental of winter pasture, for the farmer from whom they had been renting wanted to put the land into crops. With an air of assurance, she added, "But we are holding it under the rent law." Before the last war legislation had been passed forbidding a farmer to put into cultivation pasture that had been rented for three consecutive years to a shepherd, unless he proved to the representative of the Ministry of Agriculture that he absolutely needed it. This action had to be taken a year in advance and the shepherd had to be notified.

After a while, our lively passenger told us that she wanted to get out at the next turn, for that was the rendezvous point at which the women would stop to unload the pack animals, set up camp, and wait for the men with the flocks to catch up with them before noon. Our conversations with other members of this group dealt more with the problems they were facing as a shepherd people than with the customs and beliefs which set them off from their fellow nomads. In Metsovo, to be described later in connection with a funeral I witnessed, we saw other aspects of Koutso-Vlach character which need not concern us here. Of the three nomadic groups they have been most fully described and documented in the literature, notably in the monograph book by Wace and Thompson, *Nomads of the Balkans* (1914), which was based on extended acquaintance with the people of Samarina, another well-known Koutso-Vlach village.[9]

Four of the effects of this migratory life which Wace and Thompson list seem to hold true for all of the nomadic groups even in 1953, and they deserve brief mention. Such a migration, for instance, presents a wider outlook on life in general in contrast to the utter stagnation normal in remote villages. At the same time, it is a serious financial drain, for two houses must be kept up; nevertheless, what is lost in cash is perhaps gained in

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

A Village Baptism

One ceremony which has deep meaning for the family members is the baptism of a recently arrived infant. First of all comes the selection of godparents, although this is usually determined by the custom of having those who were sponsors at the wedding also be godparents of the children which issue from that marriage. But if many children have come subsequently it is only fitting that the honor be given to someone else. The father is free to invite some notable, say a political figure from the area, to serve as godfather, an opportunity which few politicians pass up. On the other hand, if the couple is dissatisfied with the godparent who would normally be invited, it may follow traditional procedures to select another. An inquiry into these takes one deeply into folklore and belief in magic. When childlessness, stillbirth, or infant mortality is blamed upon the godparent, villagers assume that a new godparent might lead to better success. According to Chrysoula, the wise woman of Spetsai, her sister bore a child who died within twenty-four hours after birth, and later on she had a pseudo-pregnancy. In her desperation she prayed to the Virgin: "Please give me a child of either sex. If it is a girl I'll give her your name; if it is a boy I'll dedicate it to you but will have to give it the name of its paternal grandparent." This was on the morning of March 25 (Evangelismos Day); that afternoon she had intercourse with her husband and on Christmas Day a little girl was born. As soon as she was able, the mother picked up the baby, put the baby on the porch of the church dedicated to the Virgin, and waited to see who would discover the baby and, by so doing, be designated godparent. People standing around consider it lucky to be a godparent on such an occasion, and several may be inclined to volunteer. An especially eager person may throw a handkerchief ahead of a rival and thus stake out a claim. The mother watches from a distance. When the child has been taken into the church for the ceremony, she goes home to prepare sweets and other food for the baptismal feast.

The same procedure for gaining a new godparent as a replacement for the one who sponsored the wedding of the couple is followed in most parts of Greece but occurs only infrequently, since people reluctantly change their godparent ties. Once the godparents have been selected, the guests have to be invited — relatives and very close friends or, as was fortunate in my case, an interested foreigner who happens to be in the vicinity. The women of the household allow themselves a few days in advance to plan and prepare for the festive occasion. The church ceremony is a lively affair. If the child is baptized within forty days of birth, as it usually is, the mother does not attend, for she is still unclean. The principals in the ceremony are the priest, the infant, and the godparent, with the latter's responsibility supposedly extending to the spiritual oversight of the godchild, today a matter of

1:Sanders Z-5 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

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Mutual Aid and Cooperatives in Rural Greece

The Greek village provides many evidences of mutual aid, although the Greeks are not renowned for their cooperative tendencies. Indeed, those commenting on Greek national character usually state that the Greeks cooperate only in a crisis. If there is no crisis at hand, they have to make one in order to get the job done. This view is partially correct, since some examples of mutual aid respond directly to a sense of urgency, while others follow traditional patterns at a leisurely pace. For instance, a group of potato diggers near Neochori were brought together to meet a sudden need.

476
181

A Potato-digging Group near Thebes

It was March 28, 1953. We had turned off the main highway between Thebes and Athens and were headed eastward along a secondary road in search of some villagers whose relatives in California had insisted that we carry their greetings in person. Before we had found the right village, we noticed more than forty people busily harvesting potatoes in a nearby field. We stopped the car, walked into the field, and were greeted by Yannes P. Katseles, the owner, who lives in Neochori, the village just up the way. The men were digging the potatoes; the women were picking them up and cleaning them; and a commission merchant standing on his truck was

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1:Sanders Z-5#1 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

[Potato-digging near Thebes]

244 476 [462] directing his four helpers in sorting and sacking them. We were much less interested in what happened to the potatoes than in the means whereby forty people were gathered together at one time to help with the task at hand. We asked Yannes a number of questions:

"What do you call this kind of group?"

"We speak of it as *daneike ergassia* [borrowed work]. I received word that the commission merchant from Thebes would buy my potatoes if I had them ready by tonight. I have about an acre which I had not yet harvested, but this was too much to handle with just my immediate family. So I had to get others to help me. Last night my wife went around to the women and said, 'Tomorrow I'm going to pull potatoes. Will you come and help me?' I asked some of my relatives who live near me and a few close friends."

"What do you have to pay these people?"

"Usually we repay the others by working for them when they need help. One of us — my wife, daughter, or myself — will go help them with their potatoes when they have to harvest them. We keep a pretty good record of what we owe to others and what they owe to us. Five or six of the men [465] working here do not have any potato fields so I agreed to pay them wages. They are particularly good at helping the commission merchant sort and sack the potatoes."

244 466 476 [123] [539] [126] Such a crowd gathered around us while we asked these questions that we saw we were interrupting proceedings. So we strolled around to see how the men did the digging and learned that they worked under the close supervision of the owner. This fact reminded me of the Greek proverb, "The owner's eye is manure to the field." In fact, as the men dug, they moved in a long row across the field with the result that any laggard would soon be noticeably behind the rest. The villagers joked a great deal as we took pictures and asked about the length of the work day. The workers had come to the field about eight in the morning and would remain until the job was done, with the "estimated time of departure" set by the owner at about four or five o'clock.

[262] [785] The highlight of a day spent in such a work group is the food that is served to the workers about ten o'clock. Since the people were supposedly observing the Lenten fast, Yannes served a bean stew, candylike halvas, olives, fish, and wine. If they had not been fasting, they might have had cheese and eggs. Yannes insisted that they would only on rare occasions serve meat since they do not even eat that at home more than twice a month. But the workers, when asked about the food, said that it had been good and plentiful. "In fact," one man volunteered, "when Yannes invites us, we all say that we'll eat well today." Further inquiry showed that nobody ever turned down an invitation to a work group simply because he expected the food to be poor, but he would do so on other grounds, such as

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

000 the British Admiralty, 1930); and M. L. Newbigin, *Southern Europe: A Regional and Economic Geography of the Mediterranean Lands* (3rd ed., London, 1949).

3. One still finds many similarities between the peasants of Hesiod's time (see his "Works and Days") and those of today.

4. Many allusions to nature are found in the passionate novel about the Communist guerrilla war by Panos D. Bardis, *Ivan and Artemis* (New York, 1957).

5. "The Holy Virgin's Hand" is mentioned on p. 123 of G. F. Abbott, *Macedonian Folklore* (Cambridge, Eng., 1903). This book gives a number of examples of the peasants' use of and adaptation to nature.

6. For a delightful essay on the flowers of Greece, see "Flowers of Ancient Greece," *The Christian Science Monitor*, April 23, 1954.

7. For an earlier account of peasant cosmological beliefs, see the article by N. G. Politis in *Attikon Emerologion* (1882); also G. Kapsalis, "Meteorologikes paroimiakes Phrasеis" (Meteorological Proverbial Phrases), *Laographia*, XIII (1950).

8. One of the most authentic documents on Greek village life came into my hands through a mutual acquaintance of T. K. Papaspyropoulos, the author. This account is in Greek typescript, from which the passages used in my book have been translated with the permission of the author. Mr. Papaspyropoulos teaches singing in one of Athens' secondary schools and has specialized in folk music. I accompanied him on a visit to his village, where I had a chance to observe at first hand many of the sights he so colorfully describes.

[875] [123]

9. A very common phrase among the peasants is *Ean thelī o Theos* (If God is willing), to which one replies *Vevea, prota o Theos* (Yes, of course, first God).

10. Interesting observations on the use in Homer of the ancient Greek terms *atē* (divine temptation or infatuation, cause of irrational actions) and *moira* (portion or lot) are found in E. R. Dodds, *The Greeks and the Irrational* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1951).

11. The facts and figures used in this section are taken in large part from *Report of the FAO Mission for Greece* (Washington, 1947), and *Story of the American Marshall Plan in Greece, July 1, 1948 to Jan. 1, 1952*, Press Release No. 1300, MSA (Athens, July 20, 1952).

12. For the problem of soil erosion, see Constantine I. Nevros, "Soil Erosion in Greece," *Soil Conservation, VI* (1940), and F. G. Renner, "Erosion, Trojan Horse of Greece," *National Geographic*, December 1947. For forestry, see W. Miller, *Greek Town and Country Life* (London, 1905), pp. 229–232.

13. E. G. Mariolopoulos and A. N. Livathinos, in *Atlas climatique de la Grèce* (Athens, 1935), give a good description of the Greek climate.

14. For two views on the sun (Helios) and St. Elias, see the articles by N. G. Politis in *Laographika Symmikta B'* (1921), and E. Rein, "Zu der Verehrung des Propheten Elias bei den Neugriechen," *Ofversigt af Finska Vetenskaps-Societetens Förhandlingar*, XLVII (1904–1905).

15. Percy F. Martin, *Greece of the Twentieth Century* (London, 1913), pp. 267–68, discusses the company-tenant relations worked out at Lake Kopais as of 1913.

[427]

16. One friend wrote in 1959: "Fresh fish has always been expensive. Earlier this winter there was a sudden 50 percent price rise. We ourselves cannot afford fresh fish and buy frozen fish brought in by Greek boats from the Atlantic, which is now available in many parts of Greece. It is a scandal that abundant fresh fish at reasonable prices is not available to the Greeks."

[435]

17. This gorgon is really a sea nymph or mermaid (*gorgona* in modern Greek) and not one of the classical gorgons of terrifying aspect (Medusa and her sisters).

18. Elias Venezis, *Aeolia*, trans. from the Greek by E. D. Scott-Kilvert (London, 1949), p. 94.

2:Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 1963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

Preface and Acknowledgments

THE FIELD WORK on which this book is based was conducted largely in 1955-1956 under a Fulbright grant, with supplementary funds from the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research. I am very grateful for this assistance. Return visits were made to the village for several weeks in the summer of 1959, and for two days in July 1961.

Margaret Mead and Hortense Powdermaker were most generous with their time during the initial stages of the project. In Greece, John Caskey, Peter and Eva Topping, Eurydice Demetracopoulou, Korali Krokodilou, and Olympias Kokkevi gave valuable advice, assistance, and encouragement.

John Melios, Nomarch of Boeotia at the time we resided there, helped in selecting the village and introduced my husband and me to the villagers. Our gratitude to him is very great both for this initial help and for his continued interest. Our thanks go also to K. Chlimintzas of the Agricultural Bank of Greece in Levadhia.

The family of Athanasius T. Triantaphyllou, who took us into their home in Vasilika, put us greatly in their debt for many kindly services besides.

Discussions with many scholars have contributed much to this book, though of course I bear sole responsibility for the points of view presented. I should like to mention Henry and Renee Kahane, Sidney Axelrad and Sylvia Brody, and John Andromedas, Fred Gearing, Popie Mohring, Irwin T. Sanders, and Conrad Arensberg.

My participation in the Wenner-Gren Conference on Rural Peoples of the Mediterranean at Burg Wartenstein, Austria, in 1959, and in the similar conference at the Athenian Social Science Center in Athens in 1961, helped me greatly. Special thanks are due to Julian Pitt-Rivers and to John Peristiany, the organizers of the two conferences.

2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

121 features include the compact arrangement of its houses, with the fields surround-
105 ing them, its accessibility to paved roads, its mixed subsistence and cash crop farming, and the existence within the village of a school, two coffeehouses and stores, several church structures, and a resident priest. In a negative sense, one of Vasilika's features is that there is nothing unusual in its history or present situation which would markedly differentiate it from other farming villages of the region. It has never been the subject of any special agricultural extension campaigns, none of the villagers have wealthy overseas relatives interested in improving the village as a whole, and it is outside the orbit of the tourist. If there is anything unusual about the village, it was the arrival of several shepherd families in 1950 and their subsequent political and social integration into the community.

[162] Vasilika is suitable from the standpoint of field work techniques for several reasons. First, since it has a population of only 216, two field workers could expect to know everyone in the community. Second, the speech of the [197] inhabitants is a form of Greek with only minor dialectic variations from the [122] Athenian demotic form (see glossary) that we had studied in preparation for our work. And third, one of the families in the village was willing to have us [123] live in the upper story of their house, which is located close to the center of the village.

121 Vasilika's way of life must be understood as completely representative only of itself, but in some of its general features it has most in common with [184] other farming villages on the Boeotian plain. The degree to which the habits, values, and attitudes of the villagers resemble those of other Greeks, at this stage of our knowledge, must remain on the level of impressions. As a rural [171] settlement, however, Vasilika has many features in common with farming villages that are segments of old national cultures in other parts of the world. The culture of the village is assuredly not in all its aspects a uniquely Greek phenomenon. Students of similar villages in other parts of Europe, the Near East, Latin America, and Asia will find many features of the culture and social structure of Vasilika familiar to them. But even these specialists will find a goodly number of features and especially of combinations of features that are entirely unfamiliar, for they are features that are uniquely Hellenic.

Two problems of particular relevance to anthropological studies of the rural populations of modern nations have been considered: the usefulness of choosing a rural settlement as the unit of observation, together with the new lines of investigation such a choice requires; and the selection of a particular settlement for study. These problems present their difficulties, but anthropologists working in old national cultures have some advantages; they can consult the works of other specialists. In Greece, for example, an anthropologist need not act as his own historian, economist, political scientist, psychologist, and sociologist. Folklorists have long been collecting oral literature and folk costumes from all sections of the country. Greeks and non-Greeks alike have produced many varied reports on Greek life and culture, both ancient and modern. Neither does an anthropologist working in Greece have to act as a geographer or agrono-

2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 1963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

jobs in the vineyards must be finished quickly so that the men of the household may turn to plowing cotton fields, those farmers who prefer to start plowing earlier, or who have larger vineyards than the household can handle alone, sometimes hire labor for the hoeing. Sons who are not needed on their father's land may work for others in the village or may go for several days to work for relatives living in neighboring villages. In either case, they are paid a daily wage of between forty and sixty drachmas (thirty drachmas equal one dollar) and get their board as well. It requires three man-days of labor to hoe one *strema* of vineyard. Hiring labor for this is considered expensive. Farmers with fewer land resources may, in order to avoid the extra expense, ask their wives to do some hoeing. Although such a procedure is frowned on in Vasilika, a farmer considers the practical necessities of his situation as more important than any possible loss of prestige. Moreover, village opinion itself recognizes the force of a man's practical needs, and tempers criticism to the nature of the specific circumstances. This phenomenon is characteristic of Vasilika and will be mentioned again.

The vines continue to need some attention from time to time until the grapes have ripened. Wine-making begins in September with the gathering of the grapes. September itself used to be called *triyitis* (the time of the grape harvest). It is an occasion much enjoyed, since men, women, and children all pick the grapes together, talk and joke as they do so, and eat a little of the produce besides. Four or five people can pick the yield of the two *stremata* in a few hours. The pack animals carry baskets of grapes back to the house. After making certain that there are no leaves among the fruit, the men of the household wash their feet and then trample the grapes. The must collects in shallow basins and is transferred to barrels. A sample of must from each barrel (the usual household's yield is two barrels) is taken to a chemist in town to check whether sugar or alcohol or both may be needed. Payment for this service is made according to the weight of the wine the farmer will treat as a result of the chemist's advice. Besides adding the recommended quantities of sugar and white alcohol to the must, the farmers also add enough resin to make up two percent of the contents of the barrels. Resin is sold by vendors who circulate among the villages in trucks during the wine-making season. The resin gives the wine of the Greek countryside its name, *retsina,* and its characteristic flavor. In classical times the ancient Greeks and later the Romans added resin to the must as a wine preservative. It still has this function, but to the present villagers, as to the ancients, the resinated wine has a pleasing taste and, in Vasilika, is much preferred to nonresinated wines. We once started to serve a bottled Greek nonresinated wine in our village home but we were quickly informed by our village guests that it was poor indeed, and one of our visitors left the table to go home to bring a carafe of his own superior wine. Those to whom drinking a mild form of turpentine seems unpalatable at first can develop, as we discovered, a taste for *retsina* and come to enjoy it very much.

Wheat fields are plowed and sown in the fall, in late October and early November. A farmer can plow his wheat fields with a horse or two pulling a

2:Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 466 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

Vasilika's inhabitants and some of the congruent attitudes. The householders of Vasilika take it for granted that they will use part of their produce, in kind or in cash, to pay for the services of various specialists. They rarely make repairs on their houses or on their equipment; they rarely make shelves or simple pieces of furniture. In short, they do not have the habit of pottering and tinkering about the farms either from necessity or because they enjoy it. Vasilika's farmers and shepherds consider themselves specialists; they view themselves with pride as experts in farming and sheepherding, and assign the same dignity to the expertness of others. To say of a man, *"Kseri ti dhulya tu,"* "He knows his work," is a compliment, and the villagers use the phrase often. They do not expect a man to know how to do anyone else's work. One specialty is considered enough.

Such a point of view means that a farmer, if his saddle strap breaks, does without a saddle or borrows someone else's until the saddle-maker comes by, even if it means several weeks of inconvenience. In one of Vasilika's households, the stone wall of one side of an oven was accidentally broken by a tractor plow one day in April of 1956. At the end of July, the wall had still not been repaired —even temporarily—because the stonemason with whom the farmer was accustomed to deal had not yet had time to come to fix it. In the meantime, the women baked their bread in a neighbor's oven. We learned later that the entire oven was finally rebuilt in the spring of the next year.

When a farmer wants to cover his earth floor with cement, or when he wants the walls of his house whitewashed for Easter, he often pays to have these jobs done by a "master." On one occasion, a stonemason was persuaded to put screens on the windows of the house we lived in, but he went to a carpenter to have wooden frame pieces cut to the proper length. A final illustration indicates not only the existence of this point of view, but also the way in which those in Vasilika might greet a different one. The village house in which we lived had several broken windowpanes when we moved into it. Since the winter rains were due, we thought it imperative to get new glass in. My husband went to Levadhia, purchased glass and putty, and replaced the broken panes. The farmer who owned the house watched my husband work. He kept making the sign of the cross and repeated again and again in awed tones, "A professor who is also a master glazier!" The farmer himself had never thought of repairing his own windows, and for anyone in as exalted a position, from Vasilika's point of view, as that of "professor," to make such a repair had for the farmer a touch of the quality of a miracle.

With the increasing use of machinery on the farms, the villagers may be forced into learning mechanical skills; but the emerging pattern seems to be one in which the tractor operators and a village man who learned mechanics in the Greek Air Force have enough skill to make minor repairs and are called on by other farmers when they need help with their pumps. Major repairs must still await a mechanic from Levadhia. For the Vasilika farmers, however, the inconvenience of having to wait for expert personnel to repair machinery is not a source of special irritation. American farmers, who have been accustomed to acting as their own mechanics, are now beginning to deal with machinery so complex as to require expert repairs. Such dependence is new and annoying for

2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) 1963 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

871 sacrifices necessary to keep an academically talented son in the gymnasium are
594 undertaken with enthusiasm, because such a son gives promise both of increasing
[428 the income of his family and of raising its social position.
554]

Although not all of Vasilika's boys who start the gymnasium have sufficient talent or self-discipline to complete the course, a majority of them do so and give observable evidence of the feasibility of sending boys for advanced schooling. In 1959, of the thirty-four boys and young men who were between the ages of twelve and thirty and who were also sons of farmers, sixteen had attended or were then attending gymnasium, and three of the sixteen had received or were still receiving some education at a higher level. By 1961, as we have seen, a shepherd's boy had completed a year in gymnasium. Whether all these sons will succeed in finding employment commensurate with their educational qualifications depends, of course, on the economic development of the nation, and especially on the increased possibilities for employment in the towns and in Athens. In Vasilika each educated young man and his family hope that he will not have to return to the village to live.

[166 The pattern of educating sons is not a new one in the village. With few
369] exceptions, the groups of middle-aged brothers and of young adult brothers and sisters in the village in 1961 could boast of one additional brother who was living in a town or in Athens, and each of these men had had some education beyond the village school. There were also two men in this age group who were living in the village but had had some gymnasium training.

167 A second solution to the problem of surplus sons well known in the his-
594 tory of Greece has been emigration out of the country itself. In the decade between 1910 and 1920 about four young men left Vasilika for the United States. One of these returned to fight in the Balkan Wars of 1912 and has lived in the village ever since. The other three are still in the United States. In the 1930's, one man left with his wife and child for Tanganyika. The extent of continuing association with these overseas relatives is different in each case; one man returned to Vasilika to visit his brother in the early 1950's and stayed for only a year; another wrote sporadically; a third disappeared and his son knew only that he had died in the States. The Tanganyika relatives, however, continually
[457 sent packages to their village cousins, and the son of the original emigré, who
829] had died, returned to the village with his mother in 1959. The villagers always referred to the packages from Tanganyika as gifts from America and referred to the Tanganyikan, even after his return, as "the American." Apparently, the word "America" in the village is a generic term for an El Dorado abroad. However,
● [123] emigration out of the country is not currently of interest to the villagers; no one in the village ever asked us for help in arranging the emigration of one of their sons to the United States, though joking references to our taking young people back with us were not uncommon.

166 Up to this point, then, we may conclude that the system of equal inherit-
369 ance of property and the villagers' approval of urban living have led to an
428 actual geographical movement of young men out of Vasilika and to a social
511 movement into occupations other than farming for young men who have grown up in the rural settlement. Another aspect of the situation is that income from

2: Friedl E-5 (1955-1959) #3 EH1 Greece EH1
Vasilika

621 tional activities, although ultimately controlled in Athens, function through dif-
631 ferent organizational channels. The unity that might be achieved by overlapping personnel in a village as small as Vasilika is not, in fact, achieved because each of the formal divisions has its own leadership. Some degree of concurrence exists, however, as a result of the tendency for the leaders in each of these spheres, except the governmental, to remain relatively permanent. The priest has been the religious leader of the community for a generation, the former secretary of the council had been in office for twenty years, the school teacher has been there
[208] for ten years, and so on. Nevertheless, officials who want to persuade Vasilika's population to some new course of action know that they cannot succeed by persuading the formal leaders only, or even the influential older men only, but must convince each head of a family, as well, if they are to get widespread compliance.

621 It would seem as though the formal organization of the village, and
476 the family activities which so often lead out of the village and separate the
571 interests of each family from those of others in the settlement, prevent the life-long daily associations of the men of the village from producing a driving force for enthusiastic joint action for village-wide goals. Nor does the system of voluntary, impermanent dyadic contracts between individuals produce any large groups with a sense of solidarity. As the foregoing has shown, then, there are activities which focus the attention of all the villagers but there is little active village-wide cooperation for village enterprises.

621 Yet this situation seems to conflict with the professed attitude of
186 Vasilika's inhabitants toward their village and region. The villagers speak of Vasilika in the way Greeks from other villages speak of their home communities. A man or woman's *patridha,* that is, his village of origin in this context (*patridha* may mean Greece as one's nation of origin in contrast with other nations), is always recommended as a place to visit. People frequently mentioned certain qualities of their home villages which were worthy of praise. The air and the water, they would say, are clean, in the sense of pure and sweet, and these characteristics, they thought, made the village a healthy place, and, by extension, potentially therapeutic for anyone. The people of one's own
[609] village were *endopyi* (home folks) in contrast to *kseni* (strangers), and the term *kseni* was used equally to refer to a man from Parori two miles away, and to us from the United States thousands of miles distant.

186 *Kseni,* people not living in Vasilika, were described as thieves and as
609 inhospitable. We were consistently told to lock our automobile in other villages,
● 123 and also consistently told that it was not necessary to do so in Vasilika. Indeed, both with respect to other villages and within Vasilika itself, a distrust of others
685 was most frequently expressed by saying that the villagers in question were
621 thieves, and it was an accusation not meant lightly. On two occasions before we understood the situation, when we mislaid a pair of scissors and some clothespins, we asked the family with which we lived whether any one of them had seen the lost items. The family construed the question as an accusation that they had stolen the items from us, and it took several hours of reassuring conversation
000 to convince them that we had meant nothing of the kind. Evidence suggests that

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

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malice of the Devil and falling into strange novel doctrines, revolted from the unity of the Holy Church, and was cut off; and is now like a tattered rag of the sail of the spiritual vessel of the Church, which formerly consisted and was made up of five parts, four of which continue in the same state of unity and concord, and by these we easily and calmly sail through the ocean of this life, and without difficulty pass over the waves of heresy till we arrive within the haven of salvation. But he who is the fifth part, being separated from the entire sail . . . is unable to perform his voyage, and therefore we behold him at a distance, tossed with constant waves and tempest till he return to our catholic, apostolic, oriental and immaculate faith, and be reinstated in the sail from whence he was torn off: for this will make him secure and able to weather the spiritual storms and tempests that beset him. . . .

Gregory, by the mercy of God Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome and Oecumenical Patriarch, writes on September 26th, 1869, to "the most holy Archbishop, the Metropolitan of Canterbury, and Exarch of the Christians of the Anglican Confession in Great Britain, the Lord Archibald Campbell," to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the English Book of Common Prayer which that dignitary had caused to be sent him. After having examined the said book to "ascertain how far it inclines to or diverges from genuine evangelical and catholic teaching" the Patriarch reluctantly confesses that it contains statements which appear "to savour too much of novelty"; these statements, he concludes, "throw us into suspense, so that we doubt what we are to judge of the rule of Anglican orthodoxy".

These passages are characteristic of the Greek view of Christendom. While the Orthodox Church faithfully preserves the tradition of the undivided Church—"neither adding anything, or taking anything from it"—the western world, encouraged by the evil example of its chief bishop, has confounded the faith once delivered to the saints with "strange, novel doctrines", the fruit of human reasoning; and when holy tradition has once been set at naught there can be no certainty and no "right worship": the saving truth of God is henceforth mingled with the vain imaginings of sinful men.

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In the spring of 1950 I made an expedition to the westward of Siatista with a small escort of local militia. The leader of the party questioned me as to the state of Christianity in England.

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

SOME UNFAMILIAR PERSPECTIVES

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"The English," he demanded, "are Catholics?"

"No," said I, "though there is in England a Catholic minority far larger than in Greece."

"The English are *diamartyromenoi* (Protestants), then?"

"Indeed, no," said I, knowing something of the associations of the term for the Greek mind; "the English are not Protestants."

The *kapetanios* was perplexed; and then, after a moment's reflection he suddenly exclaimed with enormous satisfaction:

"So, then, the English are simple Christians!"

Needless to say, where the prevailing ignorance is so abysmal much can depend—for good or ill—upon chance encounters and odd scraps of information. There are those whose knowledge of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* would seem to be limited to the fact that she is divided as irrevocably as Caesar's Gaul into three parts, high, low and broad: though the significance of these mysterious divisions eludes their comprehension. Others know her only through the widely publicised activities of certain of the more idiorrhythmic of her dignitaries. Occasionally, however, a happier encounter affords the suspicious Greek ecclesiastic a glimpse of something which he can recognise as familiar amid the obscurity in which the west is veiled: which may even prompt him to inform his wondering flock, when he preaches to them the following Sunday, that in the mysterious providence of the *Pantocrator*, though all the territories of the patriarch of the west have fallen into heresy, some remnant of primitive orthodoxy has been preserved in those islands whence came Byron and Codrington and the *Kyrios* Churchill.

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It was my custom when travelling in Greece to carry with me several copies of a Greek translation of the Scottish Communion Office. The recipients of this work included the abbot of a certain monastery, whose hospitality I had enjoyed: a rigorist who regarded all that lay beyond the pale of Orthodox Christendom as unrelieved darkness and heresy. It was some months before I stayed at the monastery again, and my visit coincided with a festival. After the liturgy the abbot invited several of those who had been present in church to the guest-chamber, where coffee and cognac were served by a deacon. The inevitable catechism ensued:

"The *Kyrios* is not a Greek?"

"No, he is a stranger."

"From what country?"

"He comes from England."

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

123 "Ah! from England."
795 "Yes, he is a *theologos* from Oxford."
798 "He is Orthodox?"

At this point another of the visitors, a high-school teacher from Cyprus, rashly asserted in a loud voice that the English were all Luthero-Calvinists. "It is evident, Sir Professor," said the abbot, "that you are ill-informed in regard to the belief of the English Christians. *I*, however, have closely studied the liturgy of the British nation which, it is beyond doubt, is no other than that of St. James, the Lord's brother. The Christians who have such a liturgy are evidently orthodox in faith, even though their canonical status, owing to their remoteness and isolation, is somewhat irregular."

795 798 It is perhaps only fair to add that other travellers have on occasion met with a less encouraging response to their efforts to diffuse a more exact knowledge of our own liturgical life. Dr. Hunt, for example, who visited Mount Athos at the end of the eighteenth century, and who relates that: "In conversation with their prelates and well educated caloyers [from *kalogeros*—literally, 'good old man'—a common word for a monk], I so often found what I judged to be religious moderation, that I was once induced to show them a Greek version of the English liturgy; but when they saw that we kept Easter at the time fixed by the Gregorian or Romish calendar, and that we laid down no precise rules about the mode of fasting . . . I saw such a disposition for controversy arise, that I ever afterwards abstained from all allusion to similar subjects." Times have changed but little on the holy mountain, and the traveller may still encounter monks who, when topics such as fasting on Saturday are in question, will yield nothing in polemical ardour to the most celebrated patterns of orthodoxy who flourished in Byzantine days.

795 Now it is surely evident that the Greek Christian's conception of Christendom differs radically from any that prevails in the west: not least from that of the English churchman who, if he looks beyond the bounds of the *Ecclesia Anglicana*, finds his view blocked by the leviathan of Old Rome on the one hand and Protestant Nonconformity on the other. All that the Greek has in mind when he speaks of the Church lies unseen and forgotten beneath the horizon of this shrunken world. Vanished is that more spacious Christendom wherein the one faith was confessed and the one eucharist offered from Malabar to the misty

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

Mary". To the simple Greek, however, it is *the* feast of the *Panaghia*, which not the Marys only but also the men and boys named Panaghiotis keep as their name-day: a very much more important occasion in Greece than the mere commemoration of one's birth after the flesh. The importance of the festival is emphasised by a fast of two weeks' duration immediately preceding it.[1] The other liturgical commemorations of the *Theotokos* centre on particular events. March 25th, for example, apart from the national associations which have made it one of the greatest days of the year among Greeks, is essentially the memorial of the Annunciation: "To-day," runs the dismissal hymn, "is the chapter-head of our salvation and the revelation of the eternal mystery. The Son of God becomes the Son of the Virgin, and Gabriel brings the good news of grace". So with the other evangelical commemorations. The liturgy of August 15th, on the other hand, seems to sum up the whole work in the pattern of man's redemption of her who contained Him whom the heavens cannot contain, and who, through the mysterious operation of the life-giving Spirit, herself became the dwelling of the infinite Creator.

All creation rejoices in thee, thou who art highly favoured;
Both the assembly of the angels and the race of men.
O hallowed temple and logical paradise, the boast of virgins,
From whom God took flesh and became a little child,
Who is from all eternity our God.
For He made thy womb His throne
And fashioned thy body broader than the heavens.
All creation rejoices in thee, thou who art highly favoured:
Glory to thee!

*

On August 13th, 1949, furnished with a document wherein the officer commanding the Drama gendarmerie called upon all whom I should encounter in my travels to give me all conceivable manner of assistance, I embarked in the antique vehicle which then connected the village of Kato Nevrokopi with the rest of Christendom (it was blown up by a Communist mine a few months later). During the early stages of our somewhat wayward progress through the narrow streets of Drama it became evident, from the sounds which came from overhead that, in addition to the forty-four Greek passengers who occupied the

[1] [i.e. before Aug. 15th - ANALYST]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

THE WATERS OF MARAH

175 792 [162] monks still further reduced to twenty-one. A decade of war has added a catastrophic chapter to this melancholy tale of gradual decline, for it was not possible that the monks should remain aloof from the calamities which have befallen their native land during those terrible years. The day was long since flown when the monks could look down from the security of their rocky retreats upon scenes of slaughter and pillage as armies came and went on the plain below; and, turning away with the sign of the cross and a *Kyrie eleison*, go back to their labours. The unscalable heights were impregnable no longer.

792 ●123 [491] I spent several days at the monasteries in January 1950, accompanied by a young theologian from the Russian Academy in Paris. Heavy falls of snow had blocked the Metsovo pass—the one road that leads north-westwards from Kalambaka across the heights of Pindos, connecting the plain of Thessaly with Ioannina and Epirus—and the cold was intense. We had slept the previous night at Trikkala, where the Metropolitan had shown us a number of charred manuscripts which had been salvaged from the monasteries. Our first concern upon reaching Kalambaka the following morning was to seek out the curate of the place, Father Christos Benda, whom we discovered wrapped in a blanket at his fireside. He was not a little startled at the sudden apparition of two Frankish visitors in the doorway of his cottage, and regarded somewhat gloomily our proposal to sleep at the monasteries for the duration of our stay, assuring us (not without reason, as we subsequently discovered), that the monks had little enough bedding to protect their own persons from the bitter winds which swept the exposed summits. He promised, nevertheless, to come with us to look for the *Igoumenos* of the Great Meteoron who was said to have descended from his airy retreat that morning in order to deal with some piece of monastic business. First, however, we were taken to see the fourteenth-century basilica with its remarkable marble *ambon*, and to visit the school, where we found classes of 150 children overflowing the one available building (which had perforce to serve as primary school in the forenoon and as high school for the rest of the day), and packed into two small chapels which had been furnished with desks. The children were delighted at the diversion caused by the appearance of the *xenoi*. Papa Christos carried us off in search of the abbot who was finally run to earth in a tavern where, monastic business satisfactorily despatched, he was disposing of a dish of vegetables.

[346] [87.1]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

inevitably elapse before the Bishop could hope to be in a position to make a detailed statement. He instructed his secretary to provide me with a report embodying such information as had reached him. Grevena itself had suffered a heavy bombardment during the retreat of 1941 and the cathedral church of the Annunciation had been seriously damaged (the old cathedral of St. George had been destroyed by fire several years earlier). On the outskirts of the town lay a little church dedicated to St. Archelaos of Larissa. This had become the parish church of the refugees. Here, from 1947 onwards, the refugee clergy had assembled daily to sing mattins and evensong, and on Sundays and festivals to celebrate together the divine mysteries. This church, as I subsequently discovered, also served as a centre for the distribution of rations to the vast multitude of the homeless who dwelt in the nissen huts on the edge of the town. On my way back to the metropolis I ran into a large group of refugee clergy. They had got wind of my projected expedition and begged me to visit their villages and to bring back news of their condition after three years' abandonment.

I returned to the regimental headquarters at dusk, armed with my report, and spent an hour poring over maps with a young captain from Volos. We finally decided upon two itineraries, each of several days' duration. The first would enable me to see something of those parts of the diocese which were still uninhabited, and about which the Bishop had little information; the second, to visit several villages north and west of Grevena to which the refugees had lately returned. Arrangements having been made for a nine o'clock start the following morning, I returned to the metropolis for supper and discussed the Zoë movement and the architectural projects of the Metropolitan of Siatista with the Lord Theokletos until it was time for bed.

Saturday, February 4th, dawned fine and dry. The first stage of my journey was accomplished in a jeep driven by an *Epeirotes* who had concealed two British soldiers in his house at Iannina during the occupation. Less than five miles from Grevena the track which we were following gave up the ghost and further progress was impossible. At this point we were met by a sergeant and two soldiers, mounted on mules and leading a handsome bay mare caparisoned after the European manner. It took us an hour to climb to the village of Mavranaioi, which was strongly garrisoned (it had been partly inhabited since the previous October). After lunching with the officers of the garrison I resumed

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

THE HISTORY OF A COUNTRY PARSON

He had set out from Palaiochori at half-past two that morning, and with the moon often obscured by clouds and with drifts of snow lying deep in places, it was well past ten before he reached the town. We had taken refuge from the bitter winds that scoured the valley of the Peneios and brought sudden flurries of snow down the pass from the mountains above Metsovo, in one of the dimly lighted taverns that open off the main street, and were deep in conversation with the president and schoolmaster from a village away to the north-eastward of Kalambaka when Papa Costas arrived. We shared a further bottle of ouzo and he invited us to lunch in his cottage.

He had come down, he told us, to do some shopping, and was off to Trikkala the next morning. He would return to Palaiochori early the following day. Why did we not come with him and see with our own eyes the ruined villages of Pindos? Mitsos—a cousin, we subsequently discovered—would be in Kalambaka with the remaining animals the next evening and there would be mounts to spare if we would come. We were not afraid of *katsapliades*? We fairly jumped at the suggestion —*katsapliades* indeed! I sat down there and then and addressed a hasty note to the Lord Theokletos, Metropolitan of Grevena, which was carried off by Athanasi and put aboard the afternoon bus to Trikkala, informing him that I should be several days later in reaching his diocese on the fringes of Macedonia than I had supposed. We laid our plans for the journey, and the light was failing as we set out to climb to the monastery of St. Stephen where we were expected that evening.

Two days later we left the monastery at daybreak: all the monks were ill, and, since Basil was away in Trikkala, we had ourselves to unbar the massive doors that open on to the encompassing abyss. Forty minutes after leaving St. Stephen we were breaking our fast at Papa Costas' cottage: scraps of pork, bread soaked in oil, cognac and retsina. Our priest-carpenter had brought back from Trikkala a great saw, and a pig to be fattened against the following winter. The pig, despite loud protestations, was tied up in a sack and slung from his owner's saddle:

"He has a splendid voice—we must make a *psaltes* of him when we get him back to Palaiochori."

We led our horses out along the Metsovo road. Papa Costas' niece, Katina, had been staying at the 'town-house' for the festival and was returning with her uncle to Palaiochori. On the outskirts of Kalambaka we overtook a party of homeward-bound refugees, their beasts heavy-laden with bedding and great copper pans. A little way out of the town

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

123 793 484 we abandoned the road and struck across the valley towards the river Peneios. The water lapped about our horses' bellies as we forded the swiftly flowing stream, and the potential *psaltes* had a ducking and screeched in muffled protest. Amongst the low hills beyond the river the going was far from easy, and several times we were obliged to dismount and lead our slithering beasts across some particularly difficult stretch of terrain.

[342] About eleven o'clock—soon after we had left the dilapidated cottages and recently rebuilt church of Vanakoulia to our left—we halted outside what had evidently once been a substantial stone house, but which had been burned down and only lately repaired by means of rough-hewn timbers supporting sheets of corrugated iron thrown across the ruins. Here lived Father Constantinos' godparents: well advanced in years and in wisdom, with four sons serving in the army. We broached the cognac and warmed ourselves at the hearth, while the old lady opened [262] one of the wooden chests that lined the tottering walls and brought out walnuts and the golden apples in which this part of Thessaly abounds.

Setting out again a little before noon we descended from the ridge crowned by the ruins of Vanakoulia, and turned eastwards up the boulder-strewn bed of the Aspropotamos. Throughout the rest of the day we journeyed in a desolate landscape of bleached plane trees and white stones, ground and polished by the melting snows; picking our way amongst the boulders of water courses or leading our beasts delicately along narrow paths—mere scratches in the face of the rock—winding high above the torrents and the frozen pools, the long snowy ridges of Pindos far above us.

123 793 It was nearly dark when we reached Palaiochori. Mitsos stabled the tired beasts, and the exhausted *psaltes*—long past speech or feeling—was tipped out of his sack into a pile of straw where he lay motionless. [875] Papa Costas led the way upstairs to the living quarters of his parsonage where we were welcomed by his *papadia* and the schoolmistress, a young girl lately come from Ioannina. We supped sitting tailor-wise before the fire, and soon afterwards the women brought in piles of rugs, Papa Costas divested himself of his outer *rason*, and, commending ourselves to the protection of the all-merciful God and of His saints, we all lay down on the floor and were asleep in a twinkling.

[262] In the morning, after breaking our fast with a glass of cognac and a few walnuts, we went to see the church of St. Bessarion. Papa Costas, [346] Mitsos and the churchwardens accompanied us. The interior of the

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

little church was a melancholy sight: the stone eikonostasis had survived the fire but every trace of woodwork had perished. Our priest-carpenter had just completed two new lecterns for the singers and an episcopal throne: there was plenty of work to be done as soon as Leonidas—who had been discharged from the army with wounds in both hands—was home again and fit to return to his trade.

We went on to the school where sixty-four ragged children were huddled round a smoking stove. There had been no teacher in the village between the first and second periods of exile; the schoolmaster, we were told, had disappeared in 1946 and nothing had been heard of him since. Had he gone to the mountains, we asked? Nobody knew—he had disappeared. Kleoniki Zambra, the girl we had met the previous evening, had just been sent to reopen the village school. The windows of the building—roughly re-roofed by the priest and his sons—were blocked with stones and cardboard from packing cases which had contained powdered milk; light was an altogether secondary consideration when warmth was in question.

"Last Friday", the *didaskalissa* assured us, "it was so cold that the children cried aloud and we were obliged to give up." There seemed to be no books or slates or paper—there was indeed no equipment of any description save for the stove and a few wooden benches—but the school was again performing its liturgy, and the whole village was conscious that an important step had been taken along the road that led back from the anarchy and insecurity of a decade of war towards the halcyon days which none of the children who crowded the schoolhouse that January morning was capable of recalling.

Time and time again as I travelled about the ruined villages of Pindos during that terrible winter of 1949–50 it was brought home to me how essential an element the school constitutes in the pattern of Greek village life. Almost invariably the first thought of the returning refugees, once they had succeeded in improvising some temporary shelter from wind and snow, was for the church and the school. They would rest content with the most wretched living quarters, provided only that the house of God were decently furnished and their children were receiving regular instruction; but a village without a priest and a schoolmaster was a village only in name.

Urquhart arrived in Metsovo astride the sagacious Aristotle, in the summer of the year 1830, to find that mountain township in a state of the utmost panic and alarm: the houses barricaded, the sheep, cattle

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

and horses dispersed and hidden among the rocks; the town occupied by the troops of "a Turkish Binbashi". And yet, amidst all this martial activity and excitement the good people of Metsovo were occupied with repairing one of their schools. "It is incredible", comments this traveller, "how ardent and universal among the Greeks is the desire of instruction . . . even in the wildest spots that man has chosen for a habitation or a refuge." The universal destruction of the village schools during the recent troubled years has done nothing to abate this passionate desire for instruction, which may still be reckoned one of the most striking and attractive features of the Greek character.

We did not linger long in Palaiochori. Mitsos was returning to Kalambaka for supplies with a train of pack-animals, and before the sun was fairly round to the south side of the parsonage (where the *psaltes* lay late abed, reflecting upon his astonishing deliverance from the perils to which travellers are subject) the horses were saddled and we were ready to depart.

Some four miles down the valley, where the waters of the Aspropotamos divided, lay the cottage of Nicolas Kokoravas—the *geros*, as he was known in the villages round about. An ancient personage with a great reputation for wisdom, it was whispered that he spoke no less than seven languages. We had made the acquaintance of this venerable polyglot the previous evening, and had paused for a few moments outside his dwelling while one of his numerous grandchildren, a fair girl clad in Vlach costume with two children clinging to her voluminous skirts, had brought us apples as we sat astride our beasts, and Papa Costas had scribbled a hasty note addressed to the president of the village of Chrysomelia (an hour's journey to the eastward) to warn him of our impending visit and asking that an escort might be sent to meet us the following day at the cottage of the *geros*.

"Mitsos will leave you at the house of Papa Nicolas, where the waters divide", explained our priest-carpenter; "there you will await the animals from Chrysomelia."

"At what hour will they come?"

"At twelve, without doubt."

The schoolmistress borrowed Boris' camera and took our *etkon* as we perched upon our high wooden saddles. The children peered out at the door and through the chinks in the United Nations' packing cases. Mitsos led the way down the path between the high drifts of snow towards the bleached plane trees and the polished boulders of the

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

torrent bed, and we followed while Papa Costas and Spyridon Oikonomides, the *epitropos*, stood beneath the great tree in the village square and waved farewell:

"Kalo taxeidi; o Theos mazi sas!"

A good journey; may God go with you.

At dusk we rode into Chrysomelia—a large village lying at 900 metres—after a journey which will long linger in my memory. For the best part of an hour Antony the Zealot (our guide) had questioned me relentlessly as to the constitutions and canons ecclesiastical concerning marriage with a deceased wife's sister within the jurisdiction of the *metropolites* of Canterbury, whilst the mules floundered in deep snow as we climbed laboriously towards the village, the buildings of an abandoned monastery far below among the pines. We had been delayed at the cottage of Papa Nicolas, the *gerus*, till it was close on three o'clock. There had been a misunderstanding as to the rendezvous, arising, apparently, from the fact that the curate of the neighbouring hamlet of Aidona was also a Papa Costas.

It was the eve of the feast of St. Antony, and the Zealot was preparing to celebrate his name-day. In a tiny chapel on the outskirts of the shattered village vespers was drawing to a close. The village church, dating from 1580 and dedicated to St. George, was a total ruin. We stayed for the liturgy next morning and all the men and boys of the village accompanied us to church. After a distribution of the blessed bread Papa Athanasius Tsergoulas, the pastor of this mountain flock, took us to see his dwelling—a tiny cell of mud bricks set amidst the ruins of the house which he had built some thirty years earlier—and there we sat around a table in the pale sunlight outside the newly-opened tavern and sipped ouzo with the village elders, while crowds of wild, ragged children played amongst the ruins of the church—there were nearly 300 of them and it was eight years since the school had ceased to perform its liturgy.

Chrysomelia had been one of the most important villages of this region, with a population of 1,050. It had suffered at the hands of the Germans at the same time as Palaiochori. The people had begun to return in October. Scarcely a house in the whole village had escaped destruction.

The devastation was no less widespread at the hamlet of Kato Perlangion, where we slept the following night, wrapped in rugs on the

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

THE WATERS OF MARAH

727 346 [123] [796] floor of the village president's cottage with a great fire burning at our feet. The parish priest had been awaiting us in the square, and after I had photographed the ruins of the church he rang the great bell which hung from the branches of a plane tree and the whole community gathered to sing the first vespers of the feast of St. Athanasius the Great, in a chapel which had been disused for generations and had only been repaired since the return of the refugees the previous autumn. No more than forty families had as yet found their way back to the village and the destruction was very great. The next morning it was raining heavily and the mud lay so deep in the tiny chapel that planks had to be laid down to facilitate the movements of the celebrant.

727 793 [346] Papa Georgios Papageorgiou was himself a native of Chrysomelia. He had been ordained in the early days of the war after living for a time in the monastery of St. Stephen on the windy heights above Kalambaka. His first parish had been wiped out of existence by the Germans, and now the Lord Cherubim, Metropolitan of Trikka and Staghi, had sent him to this ruined hamlet, deep in the folds of Pindos. [342] He lived with his 'priestess' and their four children in a wretched hovel roofed with corrugated iron a little way below the church and, in the absence of a schoolmaster, was himself acting as a temporary *didaskalos*.

727 346 [872] We spent a night at the village of Vanakoulia on our way back to Kalambaka. When we arrived the whole population seemed to be engaged in the task of setting up a school in the narthex of the church: [211] a severe structure only lately completed. Over the doorway was set a rough inscription in rustic Greek commemorating the destruction of [457] the church by the Germans and its subsequent rebuilding by the inhabitants—aided, as we later discovered, by generous gifts from relatives in America.

DESTROYED BY GERMANS

1943

REBUILT

AT THE EXPENSE OF THE INHABITANTS

JUNE 1949

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

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[211]

About eighty of the 200-odd houses in the village had been destroyed. The old school-house was a total ruin and would have, in due course, to be rebuilt from its very foundations. The church of St. Menas had been reopened, and the desks and benches which had arrived a few days earlier had been stacked in the narthex. There was tremendous excitement in the village at the prospect of the reopening of the school. The schoolmaster, who was directing operations when we arrived, had just been released from the army. He proved to be the son of the proprietor of the largest store in Kalambaka. Needless to say, the unexpected advent of the *xenoi* caused all work to be abandoned for the afternoon, and half the village accompanied us to the church. The priest, a young man named Antony, was in a sanatorium near Athens. For the time being his place had been taken by a refugee *papas* from the diocese of Grevena.

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The evening brought torrents of rain. We slept at the house of one of the churchwardens and set out for Kalambaka the following morning. The *epitropoi* insisted on accompanying us as far as the river, as they feared lest the Peneios, swollen by the heavy rains, should prove difficult to ford. Fortunately, their anxieties were excessive, and shortly after midday on the feast of St. Euthymius the Great we rode briskly into Kalambaka. My mule, smarting under a sense of outraged propriety at its Frankish rider's use of an umbrella (borrowed from the village president at Vanakoulia) as an instrument of coercion, eyed the

[484]

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
EH1 Greece EH1

inhabitants malevolently. As we dismounted outside the cottage of Papa Costas we were greeted by a score of old friends headed by Basil the resourceful, just descended from Aghios Stephanos and bound for Trikkala to negotiate some delicate piece of monkish diplomacy. Papa Costas' daughter and two cousins from Trikkala were bent over their sewing, and a dish of bean soup simmered on the stove.

Boris bade us farewell that afternoon and set out for Larissa, whence he would travel southwards the following day to sunny Attica and the populous cities: back to that strange, mad world where men spent their days poring over antique folios and writing solemn dissertations; effeminate creatures who slept at night between linen sheets and pillowed in soft down, clad in ridiculous garments fit only for infidels: not indiscriminately, men and women together, upon the hard earth, snugly rolled in warm rugs beside a roaring fire; a pampered and degenerate race.

As the sun went to his rest that evening amongst the snows of Pindos I sat for the last time amidst the ascetics of the Thebaid of Staghi and related the strange and terrible things that we had seen during the past few days, while Father Anthimos boiled some eggs in an empty salmon tin, the stylite cats lurked in the shadows, and old Papa Iannis stroked his venerable beard and murmured an occasional *Kyrie eleison!*

*

The country parson of Pindos, writes an early nineteenth-century traveller, displays a truly primitive simplicity. He is at once the director, adviser, friend and companion of those who till the same fields or pursue the same occupations as himself. The unaspiring *papas*, endued, as it were,

> . . . in spite of his ignorance with an evangelical instinct, sympathised with the sorrows and shared in the joys of his people, and abandoning himself to them, made up for any deficiency of ecclesiastical dignity by a fraternal affection which was rendered doubly dear by the misfortunes and misery of those on whom it was bestowed. In the evening, when the labours of the day were finished, the pastor of the mountain assembled with his parishioners at one of their unadorned chapels on the hills. . . . On the festival and the feast, when

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1

[p. ix]
[p. viii is blank]

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Without the willingness of literally hundreds of people in Greece to answer questions and search their records on my behalf, this little book could not have been written. The warmth and extravagant hospitality with which Greeks of every rank and station receive a stranger is, indeed, a source of never ending surprise to one accustomed to the atmosphere of an American city, and I wish hereby to thank all those, both friends and casual acquaintances, who thus contributed to my knowledge and understanding of the Greek scene.

More particularly, I owe a debt of gratitude to a number of busy officials of the Greek government who took time to talk with me, and more than once set wheels in motion to provide statistics and other special information I requested of them. In Salonika, Mr. Orphanides of the Agricultural Bank, and in Athens Mr. Leviratos of the Ministry of Coordination and Mr. Liakis of the National Statistical Services were especially helpful.

Among the members of the American community in Greece, I am particularly indebted to Mr. Bruce Lansdale, Director of the American Farm School in Salonika, and to Mr. Doggett of the aid mission. Mr. John Enepikides, of the American Embassy, also went far out of his way to help me find information I needed.

I must also gratefully acknowledge the assistance and friendship of Mr. John Skiriotis and Mr. John Boudouroglu, who made it possible for me to participate in the rapid fire of normal Greek conversation by translating my questions and interpreting the answers when I could not keep up with the pace.

8:Stephanides--2 I.Y-3 (ca. 1933-1939) 1941 EH1 Greece EH1
Megali Vrisi

/3/

A SOCIOLOGICAL SKETCH OF THE VILLAGE OF MEGALI VRISI.

PART I.

Introduction:

The author was born in Turkey on the shores of the Black Sea. His parents were the descendants of some of the first colonists that were established by the Greeks in ancient times. His ancestors lived in the same village for many centuries and it was for the first time in many centuries that he went with the rest of his people to Greece. The exchange of population between Greece and Turkey marks one of the rare historical accomplishments of the Greek people. The establishment of a million and a half people under the prevailing economic conditions of that period was a gigantic job for a small nation like Greece to accomplish.

The author, as a refugee among his people, had a chance, after getting his education at Cornell, to work with them to share with them the difficulties they met in their new environment. He shared the life that was mixed with tears, toil, sweat and patience. He also shared the marriages, the holidays and the dances at the village square. His eight years of experience in the village of Megali Vrisi and his share in promoting agricultural, recreational, health and educational activities led him to the description of the village of /4/ Megali Vrisi

The Rural Sociology Courses under Dr. Sanderson have influenced him more than anything else to see, describe and evaluate the social make up of the life of the people of Megali Vrisi.

/4 cont./

Selection of the Village

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The author's intimate relationship with the farmers of the village and his use of it as a demonstration center for village extension work has led him to select it for this study. Another reason that led the author to select it was of the uniform economy and the uniform social stratification. Due to equal distribution of land there were no class distinctions.

128

Available Data Based on Eight Years of Experience.

The discussions and principles discussed in Rural Social Organization, under Dr. Sanderson, are applied as far as they fit the conditions. A careful farm survey was taken with 40 representative farmers out of 120 families. These farmers were representatives due to the fact that only 6 years elapsed since the equal distribution of land. They had the same implements and all of them had nothing except what they got from the government. My close relationship with them and the nature of my work has helped me in my observations. /5/

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The village of Megali Vrisi: Its location, geography and physical characteristics.

The village of Megali Vrisi is only 45 kilometers from the city of Salonica. It lies in the south-central part of Macedonia. Before the refugees moved in, it was occupied by the Turks who at the arrival of the Greeks left for Turkey. Its Turkish name was Armoutchi. Previous to this Turkish name it had a Greek name. The foundations of the mosque that were dug by the refugees in order to get the stones bore in Greek letters the date that it was built and the names of the church committee. In fact many of the names of the surrounding villages were changed quite often at different periods by the respective people that occupied them, either Turks, Bulgarians, Albanians or Greeks.

10: Lee E,I-4,5 (no date) 1953
EH1 Greece EH1

GREECE[1]

The culture of the Greeks is here presented as an integrated whole. The Greeks have been selected out of the European nations now engaged in introducing technical change, because they represent a unique case. They have the most ancient civilization of the European continent, yet their technical development at present is one of the lowest. The history of their industries and factories goes back more than 2,500 years; yet they now resist industrialization. They are European, yet they look toward the Middle East and share a number of attitudes with the people of this area. They are Christians but with a special kind of Christianity, highly ritualized and impersonal, and incorporating much of local origin.

Individualism is prized and rampant; yet there is no atomization. Self-esteem is paramount, and rests on freedom and self-dependence; yet Greeks do not seek freedom from the family, and do not lose self-esteem when they are dependent on the family. They have their own unique individualism. They are highly co-operative, but the basis and formulation of their co-operative activity are different from those of the Western European nations.

[1] The study of Greek culture is based largely on interviews, correspondence, and memoranda, conducted and prepared in the autumn and winter of 1950-51. Newspapers and magazines of this time were also consulted. Two Maternal and Child Care Manuals of recent years, several collections of folk songs, and a popular humorous work were intensively analysed. Accounts by people engaged in introducing change were consulted. The writer, herself a Greek by birth and upbringing, has depended also on her own firsthand experience of the culture. The manuscript was submitted to two Greeks for comment and criticism.